

THE  
SCOURGE  
OF  
DRUNKENNES.

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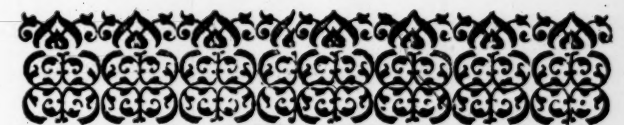
*By William Hornby Gent.*

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# TO HIS LOVING

Kinsman, and approued Friend,

Mr. HENRY CHOLMELY Esquire:

WILLIAM HORNEY wisheth all  
health and happinesse.



*Haue presum'd to Dedicate  
this Booke*

*Vnto your selfe (Kinde Sir,)*

*vouchsafe to looke*

*Into the same: and with  
iudicious eyes*

*View here the difference  
twixt the foole and wise.*

*I count them fooles, which night by night doe sit*

*In Tavernes for to foolishe their wit;*

*Suffring strong wine to domineire and braue,*

*And so make Reason a poore captiue slaue:*

*Who with Hell-smoking vapours doe delight*

*To turne night into day, day into night:*

*In which they Time, Wealth, Wit, and all doe wast,*

*A 2*

*Because*

## THE EPISTLE

Because to beggery they soone would hast.  
I deeme them wise which can this sinne eschew,  
And blesse themselves from such a damned crew  
Of hatefull hell-bounds, in all sinnes growne ripe,  
Which duly daunce before the Diuels Pipe:  
There's not a vice, but they'r expert in all,  
And ready into Hells wide mouth to fall.  
At Bacchus Alters they their sinnes deplore:  
And Venus for their Goddesse doe adore.  
All vertuous thoughts they from their hearts expell,  
And neuer thinke of Iudgement, Heauen, or Hell.  
Then blest are they (I say) which sober liue,  
And not an eare to their inticements giue:  
Which keepe decorum euer in their wayes,  
Both to Gods glory, and their endlesse praise:  
By this they shall preserue their wealth and name  
From preiudice, from scandall and from shame:  
By this they shall be honor'd and renown'd,  
Where speciall vertues in them so abound,  
'Tis euer best a golden meane to keepe,  
And not to clumbe too high, nor wade too deepe,  
Lest climbing high, the greater be their fall,  
And by deepe wading they be drown'd withall.  
To keepe vs then from falling eyther way,  
Vpon this staffe let our affections stay



## DEDICATORIE.

*Of blessed Golden Meane, there let vs rest;  
So liue, so dye, and dying so, be blest.*

*Thus hoping you will kindly this receiue,  
The rest vnto your generous thoughts I leaue.*

Your Kinsman  
to be commanded,

WILLIAM HORNEY.



TO ALL THE IMPIOVS,  
and relentlesse-harted RUFFIANS  
and ROYSTERS vnder *Bacchus* Regiment:  
*Cornu-apes* wisheth remorse of Conscience,  
and more increase of Grace.

**Y**OU Roaring-boyes, which vse to drink, and sweare  
As if you straight would cause the Diuell appeare  
Amongst you, for your execrable crimes,  
To fetch you vnto hell before your times:  
View here the farewell of my youths-greene folly,  
Which breeds my ioy, but your sad melancholy.  
'Tis ioy to mee, because I now doe leaue them:  
But griefe to you, that I no more receiue them.  
Thus 'tis my onely comfort, but your sadnesse,  
That still I will not follow you in badnesse:  
For they which be composed of all euill,  
Care not how many goe vnto the Diuell;  
That as on earth they all alike doe fare,  
Euen so in hell like torments they may share.  
Once I was vaine, yet now I doe abhorre it:  
But I may blame such wicked tempters for it.  
Now by the light of Grace my faults I see,  
How vaine, how vilde, and how corrupt they be.  
I feele within my brest continuall iarres,  
My Flesh and Spirit are at mortall warres,  
By reason of my sinnes so extreame vilde,  
As hard it is to haue them reconcilde.

But

*To the gracelesse Reader.*

But now Repentance comes, and shee makes peace,  
And so the Combitants their warres doe cease.  
Shee bids me boldly write against that sinne,  
And horrid wickednesse, I long liu'd in.  
She bids me spit in Drunkennesse soule face,  
Deny, defie, and doe it all disgrace:  
With sharpe inuestiues bitterly to rate it,  
Reuile, detest, and vtterly to hate it.  
Thus I of *Bacchus* seruice am asham'd,  
Let mee a Coward therefore be proclaim'd  
At drinking healths: to drinke so out of health  
They are vilde members in a Common-wealth.  
Let Drunkards publish this for their owne grace  
In euery Towne and Corporation place,  
That where I see pots stand in battle-ray,  
They make me Coward-like to runne away:  
With this loud clamour I am well content,  
'Twill be my praise, but their disparagement.  
Then they which filthy be, so still remaine,  
Who toucheth pitch, must needes his finger staine.  
I will proceede euen as I haue begun,  
Vertue shall be the race I meane to run.  
And so base Drunkards all, I you defie,  
Thus I will liue, and thus I hope to dye.

*Tours if you will turne to Grace,  
else not;*

CORNV-APES.

*See vnde last leafe the list of names of men*



**C**ome Drunkenesse, untrusse,  
and naked strip thee;  
For without mercy  
I will soundly whip thee.  
I have prepar'd a Scourge  
I hope will smart,  
Because I doe abhorre thee  
with my heart.  
Then will I pinch, nip, seare,  
and brand thy skinne,  
To make thee (if thou canst)  
so feele thy sinne.  
So serue thee in thy kinde,  
and let thee passe,  
For the most vildest Rogue  
that ever was.  
He vs ~~use~~ like a Dogge, a Jew, a Slave.  
Expect no mercy from my hands to haue.

**THE**



# THE SCOURGE Of DRUNKENNES.

CORNV-APES his Farewell to  
*Folly, or his Metamorphosis, wherein hee doth shew*  
his vnfaigned hatred to euill Company such as bee  
*Drunkards, Swearers, and such like; which God*  
doth hate: And also, where hee doth briefly  
display the effects of Drunkenness, with  
*his Detestation of frequenting Ale-*  
*houses: profitable to all, and*  
hurtfull to none.



Itter sweete pleasing  
vanities adue,  
Yee subtile *Syrens*  
sing vnto your selues,  
For from your songs,  
much preiudice ensue,  
I list no longer  
for to trust such Elues,  
Sing, play, pipe, dance, your Gransires Galliard round,  
Swagger and sweare, dice, drab, and drinke profound.

B

The

*The Scourge of Drunkennesse.*

The Crowing Cocke which sharply checked *Peter*,  
The Screech-Owles hideous notes giue more content,  
The croaking night-Rau'n yeeldeth tunes much sweeter  
Then the vaine musicke your vild breaths haue spent :  
These are and haue beene ominous to some,  
But yours presage a dismall end to come.

To damp and quench the heat of all your sport,  
Let me but tell you the true end of all,  
You that to brothell houses doe resort,  
And vnto Dicing and to Drinking fall.  
I will bee plaine the very truth to tell,  
Such be the highwayes and the gates to hell.

*Sweet meat  
must haue  
sower sauce.*

Your eager sports .o caselesse griefe doe tend,  
Your mirth in mourning, and your blisse in bane,  
Your weale in woe, your wealth in wrack shall end,  
Your sweet in sower, your pleasure all in paine :  
This is the song my dolefull Muse begins,  
Which doth declare the stipend of foule sins.

Then suck Tobacco, and swell vp your iawes,  
And make your nostrills like to Chimneyes smoake,  
Still bee rebellious to your makers lawes,  
If that you will his anger so prouoke :  
For be you sure though he be slow to ire,  
His wrath will come, as a consuming fire.

Be as you are, if you will not amend,  
As I haue beene, I will no more bee so,  
As I haue beene, I was not my owne friend,  
But to my selfe a very deadly foe :  
Then as I was, I doe my selfe deny,  
And all the follies of my youth descie.

*The Scourge of Drunkennesse.*

In bearing of my name, I beare my shame,  
My name is spotted with my sinnes offence,  
But true repentance yet will cleare the same,  
And make for it (I hope) a recompence,  
Then farewell all the follyes of my y<sup>ou</sup>th,  
Which haue beene Traytors for too worke my ruth.

Most vaine delights haue hurt me all they can,  
In doing to me vild and great disgrace,  
I now will mortifie a sinfull man,  
Repentance doth thrust folly out of place :  
Folly therefore for euer fare thee well,  
For true Repentance in my heart doth dwell.

*Bacchus* thou God of all ebriety,  
Which dost obtuse and blunt the edge of wit,  
Thou enemy vnto sobriety,  
Which mak'st some rage as in a franticke fit,  
Who so frequents thy Court shall not bee wise,  
To thee therefore no more Ile sacrifice.

Thou which dost cause the liquid iuyce of Grape,  
For to possesse mens seuerall heads with rage,  
Some for to dance the Anticke like an ape,  
And some to sing as twere a Bird in Cage: (reares,  
Some Maudlin-drunke doe straight distill downe  
And some like great *Bucephalus*, carreares,

Some, fall to sweare, blaspheme, to cogge and lye,  
And some will rattle pots against the wall,  
Some in Pot valour will his man-hood trye,  
And some to other pretty feats will fall :

Some then will run through fire and water despe,  
And some be silent and fall fast asleepe.

*The diversity  
and contra-  
rity of pres-  
ty drunken  
trickes and  
qualities.*

*That is  
dance like  
Alexanders  
great horse.]*



*The Scourge of Drunkenesse.*

Some, arm'd in Ale, will stoutly prate of Warres,  
And some will in an Ale-house draw his dagger,  
Some will ore looke the Moone and all the starres,  
And some will in a beastly humor swagger,  
And some will offer to no Creature wrong,  
Because the Crampe is in his legges and tongue.

Some, like an Ape, will fearely mump and mow,  
When Drinke hath much deformd his formall face,  
And some will reele when as hee cannot goe,  
And some will run and ride the wild-goose chase:  
And some will shout and hallow like madmen,  
And some will roare like Lyons in a Den.

*Drinke  
makes Cow-  
ards valiant.*

Some valiant *Hercules* will imitate,  
To fetch the triple-headed Dog from Hell,  
And some of great atchievements then will prate,  
As if their deeds should *Hercules* excell:  
And some will fight vp to the knees in blood,  
For his friends sake if it will doe him good.

Some like an Adiectiue doe props require,  
For to support their ill distemperd bodies,  
And some like Swine doe wallow in the mire:  
And some goe gazing heere and there like noddies,  
Some hath the ach so grievous in his head,  
That hee wants helpe to carry him to bed.

Some disobedient rake-hell voyd of grace,  
When Drinke hath got the maistery of his wit,  
Will call his father foole before his face,  
And cheeke by iole by him will boldly sit.  
And some in drinke will giue a desperate stab,  
And some not stick to call his mother Drab.

Some



*The Scourge of Drunkenesse.*

Some hath his face most curiously bedeckt,  
With Carbuncles and buttry buttons fine,  
And some will haue his face most strangely fleckt  
Like Creame and strawberies or Claret wine :  
And some will haue his nose most rich bespred,  
With Pearles and Crinkoms mixt with crimson red.

*Most admi-  
rable rich fa-  
cett.*

Some to maintaine his huge red bottle nose,  
Least that the fire should bee extinct and dye,  
Ere hee want cash to drinke heele paune his cloaths,  
So make his back, out of his belly crye,  
And bitterly the same to ban and curse,  
That by his paunch his back should fare the worse.

Some ere he want his quenchlesse thirst to slake,  
Will Conicatch, and cheat, so liue by's wit;  
And some nere greatly care a purse to take,  
If opportunity their purpose fit :  
Thus may wee see, this sin Ebriety  
Doth linke together much impiety.

All these are *Bacchus* prentises free made  
Of that foule trade of filthy Drunkenesse,  
His Liuary is on their fronts displaid,  
And true deuotion they to him expresse,  
At's Altars they Tobacco sacrifice,  
And honor him in all due quaffing wise.

He traines them vp and frames them, makes them fit,  
For death, destruction, and eternall woe,  
Their finnes will sinke them to th'infernall pit,  
Where Drunkards all without Repentance goe :  
Besides all earthly blessings quite forsake them,  
And shame and Beggery doe ouertake them.

*The Scourge of Drunkennesse.*

Who euer knew but that some fearefull end,  
At vnawares these Malt-wormes did surprize,  
In which God doth his Iustice right extend,  
As hee is all-vpright, all-iust, all-wise,  
His menaces they neuer feare at all,  
Vntill his iudgements on their heads doe fall.

But first, being loath for euer they should dye,  
He warnes them faire, (as warned folkes may liue)  
And with delayes he likewise them doth trye,  
Deferring still due punishment to giue:  
But when he sees they will not turne to grace,  
His Iudgement straight doth mercy quite displace.

Then grim-faced Death comes with his Mace in's fist,  
And at Gods suit doth suddaine them arrest,  
*There is no* When tis in vaine to rescue, or resist,  
*resisting a-* His conquering hand doth euer get the best:  
*gainst Death* He is Gods Sargeant, and no kind of baile  
Can any whit in all the world preuaile.

Not all the costly rich Arabian gold,  
Can ransom them from Deaths strong Prison place,  
Nor all the treasure that our eyes behold,  
No bonds, no baile, can helpe them in this case:  
No strength of men, no pollicies, no lawes  
Can once redeeme them out of deaths strong clawes.

Thus on these lawlesse liuers hee makes seasure,  
Not by one way, but by a sundry kind,  
Which is at Gods appointment, will and pleasure,  
By his decree their liues are so resign'd,  
As by examples often doe appeare,  
Which is enough to strike our hearts with feare.

*The Scourge of Drunkenesse.*

One in the midst of quaffing ends his dayes,  
Euen by a suddaine stab which he receiues,  
Such Accidents doe happen many wayes:  
Another in a ditch lies drunke, and leaues  
His liuelesse Corpes there, grievous to bee found,  
To witnesse he was drunke ere hee was drownd.

Another doth receive a wofull check,  
His braines round whirling with distempering drinke,  
Downe from his horse doth fall and breake his neck,  
All these are heauy Iudgements we may thinke,  
Another surfering in great excessse,  
Dyes suddaine in the midst of Drunkenesse.

Another hauing spent his onely meanes,  
In a most drunken loose lasciuious vaine,  
Vpon base Panders, filthy Whores and Queanes,  
Which wealth might well him else in age sustaine:  
Hauing thus vainely spent a good estate,  
By a sad swing his dayes doe end their date.

*He depart-  
eth out of this  
world in a  
hurry.*

Oh are not these faire warnings to take heed!  
And yet alas men cannot warned bee,  
For still they doe in drunkenesse exceed,  
Wee are so blind our faults wee cannot see:  
Drunkards, each where doe swarme as thick, at least,  
As flies on some dead putrified beast.

*Sodome* did not in greater sin abound,  
Then doth this wicked world wee now enioy,  
Whereas ten righteous men could not be found,  
For which the Lord with fire did it destroy:  
That in so much we now may plainly see,  
*Sodome* was burn'd, her sinnes escaped be.

For

*The Scourge of Drunkennesse.*

*The Drunk- For he which will not take his Lap downe free,  
ards terme Lap, so they terme it, such as dogs doe vse,  
their Drinke And dogs with such indeed doe best agree,  
Lap, a good Because Gods Creatures they so vild abuse:  
currish com- Hee's a base fellow that will this denye,  
parison fit e- When as most basenes in themselves doth lye.  
nough for  
such dogges  
as they bee.*

And he that will not drinke off his whole scowre,  
Is a Bench-whisker, and a peasant slaue,  
Oh they will raile vpon him euery hower,  
And tell him hees not worthy for to haue  
A boone companion or good fellowes name,  
If that he rightly cannot shew the same.

But hee which brauely will carouse and quaffe,  
And drinke downe-drunke euen to the depth of Hell,  
And spend his money, as it were but chaffe,  
Oh thats the man that beares away the bell,  
He shall be praisd, for taking of his due,  
And call'd a Captaine of the Drunken crew.

But if to pledge a slash hee doth refuse;  
They'l take the pot, and throw the drinke in's face,  
And with broad scoffs, most grossely him abuse,  
Thus will they vrge him to his great disgrace:  
So vpon this, they must goe try their tooles,  
Then out they goe to fight like drunken fooles,

When as they cannot goe, nor stand alone.  
Then most of all their hearts with fury swell,  
They'l make great brags to haue their valour showne,  
That they will fight euen with the Diuell of Hell:  
Whilst that their reputation quite doth sinke,  
Base is the quarrell that begins in drinke.

But

*The Scourge of Drunkenesse.*

But of all other he is truly wise,  
That from these ill-good-fellowes can refraine,  
Though scoffingly they say he is precise,  
Yet Drunkards tongues his credit cannot staine:  
For blest are they which haue an euill report,  
By them which are right of the Diuells consort.

'Tis great impeachment to a generous mind,  
A base and paltry Ale-house to frequent,  
It best befits a Tinker in his kinde,  
Then any man of vertues eminent,  
Goe to an Ale-house to quaffe and carouse,  
Tis Cousin German to a Baudy-house.

It is the receptacle of all vices,  
Where Tinkers and their Tibs do oft repaire,  
Where theeues and Iugglers with their sleight deuises,  
Their false got booties, at a night doe share,  
Where Rogues and Runagates doe still resort,  
And euery Knaue which is of euill report,

*An Ale-  
house rightly  
decyphered.*

It is a Cage of all base Villany,  
Where Swearers, Dicers, Cutpurfes and Cheators,  
Bull-wards and Beare-wards with like company,  
Of Fidlers, Farriers, Conycatching creatures,  
Bauds, Pedlers, Panders, and such Bride-well stuffe,  
As Mistris *Meretrix* with t' flaunting Ruffe.

It is a harbor for iniquity,  
It is the very sinke of horrid sin,  
It is a Den of all impiety,  
And well is he that doth not fall therein:  
It is a place of pleasure bitter-sweet,  
Where Knaues and Whores doe oft together meet.

C

There

*The Scourge of Drunkennesse.*

There euery saucy Iack will haue his Gyll,  
And euery knaue will with his mate be bold,  
Naught euermore with naught frequenteth still,  
Birds of a feather will together hold :

Where stinking carion doth corrupted lye,  
There greedy Kytes doe all together flye.

Thus where an Ale-house is decyphered right,  
Me thinke a Gentleman should scorne to staine,  
His vertues, which might else giue splendor bright,  
So basely in an Ale-house to remaine :

Goe to an Ale-house, why then goe to Hell ;  
For there all sin and villany doth dwell.

There euery vpstart, base-condition'd slaue,  
If that he haue but money in his bagge,  
A Gentleman vnto his teeth will braue,  
And in his pots most malapertly bragge :

Confront him too with termes most grosse and vild :  
Who toucheth pitch of force shall be defilde.

Oh is't not pittie Gentlemen should drownd  
Their wealth, their wits, and vertues, all in drinke,  
When such good qualities in them are found,  
They should (alas) so much i'th wetting shrinke ?  
For though they be well read, and highly borne,  
Yet th'are but held in base contempt and scorne.

How much, Oh how much, doe they dimme I say  
Their Orient vertues which might else appeare,  
As bright as *Cynthia* in her glorious ray,  
When gentle windes the night from Clouds do cleare :  
Ay me, that Vertue should lie so obscure,  
And Prisoner-like such pennance great indure.

Then

*The Scourge of Drunkenesse.*

Then Gentlemen let me you this perswade,  
From what you be doe not degenerate,  
God a degree you aboue others made,  
That chiefly Vertue you might imitate :  
For Gentlemen from Swains should differ farre,  
As doth the Moone from the least twinkling starre.

As for the vulgar let them still be vicious,  
Let them be drunke and altogether vaine,  
Let them be wicked Swearers and malicious,  
If no perswasions can their wills restraine :  
A rusticke humour fits a rusticke mind,  
Onely be you from such grosse ills refine.

Once did I see, I would I had not so,  
A thing not strange, yet strange I would it were,  
A Vicar was so drunke hee could not goe,  
With drinking of Tobacco, Ale, and Beere :  
Needs must the People then goe far astray,  
When as the guide doth reele out of the way.

Another time I saw as bad a sight,  
A Iustice that did rule a corporation,  
Would to the people bid at noone good-night,  
By reason of strong liquors operation :  
Ill can hee keepe a Towne in good subiection,  
When as he cannot rule his owne affection.

And is not this a lamentable case,  
They which should be as Lanthornes shining bright,  
To guide each one to run a vertuous race,  
Doe more eclipse their wayes then make them light,  
Vnreuerend Sirs, your places fit you ill,  
Because you cherish Vice and Vertue kill.



*The Scourge of Drunkenesse.*

*Behold a  
swaggering  
Vicar.*

I knew a Vicar was as free a man,  
As euer to this day Tobacco nosed:  
He would not sticke to drinke off his whole Can,  
If in an humour he was so disposed:  
For a full cup he would be no mans debter,  
Ther's not a Roaring-boy could pledge him better.

A Constable which lack't both wit and law,  
(As of them such *Lack-iudgements* there be many)  
Would drinke himselfe as witleffe as a Daw,  
So breake the peace and braule and fight with any,  
Infringe his oath, and oft be changing knockes,  
Iudge then if he deserue not best the Strokes.

Act. nke Attourney likewise I haue knowne,  
Which would carouse as deepe as any other,  
Vntill by drinke he would be ouerthrowne:  
For to good fellowship he was sworne brother:  
But may not he euen for an Ideot passe,  
Will trust his Case with such a drunken Assc.

Thus they which should ciuillity imbrace,  
Obserue good order, and preserue the peace,  
Doe altogether erre in such a case,  
Which doth their endlesse infamy increase:  
For when such faults by these, men vnderstand,  
Who'le put a sword into a mad mans hand.

Thus they which should be perfect presidents  
Of glorious vertue and a godly life,  
Doe euen become accursed instruments,  
To foster drunkenesse: now growne too rife.  
The Cleargy doe instruct, admonish, preach,  
Yet scidome follow that which they doe teach.

But



*The Scourge of Drunkenesse.*

But though their hearts be vaine, prophane and vilde,  
And for Gods word too bad and base a place  
To dwell in; yet most sure t'is vndefilde,  
Nor can it dimme the lustre of it's grace:  
'Tis farre vn't it indeed, because so pure,  
In such foule filthy vessels to indure.

So ne' rethelasse their doctrine may be sound,  
Though they two maisters, God and Bacchus serue:  
But this in sacred Writ is certaine sound,  
Who serues two Maisters needs from one must swerue:  
Then where in such foule hearts such vices breeds,  
Respect their doctrine, but reiect their deeds.

But by the way, before I further goe,  
Though I affirme the Cleargy to be nough,  
In gen rall yet I doe not taxe them so,  
Oh God forbid I should haue such a thought,  
No, there be some most sacred and diuine,  
Whose light aright like glorious starres doe shine.

These cherish vertues, vices doe suppress,  
These are vnfaigned haters of foule sinne:  
These sharply doe reprove vile drunkenesse,  
And other wickednesse that men liue in,  
Yea these be they which onely do endeauour,  
To cure sicke soules that they may liue for euer.

God graunt their doctrine I may right imbrace,  
And imitate the liues which they doe lead:  
Then shall I gaine an euer-blessed place,  
VWhich is deuoid of sorrow, griete and dread:  
God graunt (I say) I such may imitate,  
Vntill my latest dayes doe end their date.

*The Scourge of Drunkennesse.*

I onely this and nothing more desire,  
For the Worlds follies I haue knowne too long,  
And doe repent, recant, and quite retire  
From those vaine wayes in which I haue gone wrong;  
A better taske I now will vndergoe,  
With hearty sorrow for my erring so.

And as I did begin, I heere conclude,  
To vaine delights, ~~now~~ doe bid farewell,  
And to the rascall drunken multitude,  
Whose portions for them are reseru'd in Hell,  
For these God hath ordained endlesse terrours,  
If that they soone doe not repent their errors.

Vertue is she which aboue all I loue,  
Vertue that leads vnto eternall blisse,  
Vertue my faith and loyalty shall proue,  
For her I doe adore, imbrace and kisse:  
She is my comfort and my onely pleasure,  
My Loue my Doue, inestimable treasure.

She is my solace, and my sweet delight,  
She is my ioy euen in my great extreames,  
With her I will conuerse both day and night,  
Shee'l banish all vaine thoughts, and idle dreames  
Quite from my heart, for vertue is most pure,  
And can no filthy wickednesse indure.

Thus with this resolution I doe end,  
No more to be by folly so misled,  
The remnant of my dayes Ile better spend,  
To Vertue onely I am truely wed,  
Shee is my Spouse Ile haue no other wife,  
Till death doth come and take away my life.

A MEDITATION OF  
the FLESH and SPIRIT.

OH what strong oppositions doe arise,  
Within my fraile, weake and vnsable brest!  
My Flesh and Spirit are mortall enemies,  
Excluding peace, procuring my vnrest:  
I like, dislike, I hate and yet I loue  
Those sins which to me doe false Traytors proue.

Which doe betray my Soule to endlesse woe,  
With all deceitfull pleasures vilde and vaine,  
I faine would leaue this sin yet on I goe,  
Surcease a while and then returne againe,  
My Spirit's willing often for to leaue it,  
But then my Flesh againe bids her receiue it.

My Spirit freely longeth after grace,  
And doth by grace in Heauen desire to dwell,  
Yet stubborne Flesh would intercept the place,  
Of my Soules rest, to cast it downe to Hell,  
Thus they within me strue like those two twins,  
*Jacob and Esau*: yet cannot be friends.

Rebellious Flesh doth sore it selfe oppose,  
Against my Spirit fraught with fearefulnesse,  
And enters armes with sinnes insulting foes,  
Weake nature downe by violence to presse:  
Feare of Gods wrath doth make me cease from sin,  
Then that forgot, a new I doe begin.

Three mighty Gyants doe my soule assaile,  
(Great ods, my poore weake spirit to resist)  
The World, the Flesh, the Diuell, all these preuaile  
And by their force doe conquer as they list:  
To kill and rob me of each vertuous thought,  
Plots of false pleasure they haue howlerly wrought.  
When

*Cornu-apes his Meditation.*

When as good motions enter in my brest,  
And I bethinke me of the state of Man,  
How farre through sin I am from being blest,  
And that my life is short and but a span,  
The Diuell he then doth to false doctrine fall,  
And sayth, Sin on; thy sinnes are Veniall.

The World, it's fraught with execrable sin,  
And doth stirre vp my Appetite to lust,  
Vnto alluring baites it doth me win,  
Seducing vnto vanities vniust:  
And carelesse saith, let Melancholly flye,  
*Eate, drinke and sleepe, to morrow thou shalt dye.*

The Flesh to pleasures doth it selfe betake,  
And steales good motions from my heart away,  
So Grace and Goodnesse it doth quite forsake,  
Vaine Pride and Luxury, for to obey,  
Accounting sin no sin, and deeming hell,  
To be a tale, which some old wiuers doe tell.

It saith, that Pride is but a decent thing,  
And Auarice, is good frugality,  
It saith that Swearing doth from valour spring,  
Which doth declare mans Magnanimity:  
It saith to quasse is fellowship, right good  
To maintaine friendship, and to nourish blood.

It tels me bounty argues a braue mind,  
And *Venus* sport is but a youthfull tricke,  
Whilst penury comes posting fast behind,  
And with wants spurs doth touch me to the quick:  
Thus still the flesh doth make my sinnes seeme small,  
By false opinion for to worke my fall.

*Cornu-apes his Meditation.*

Fond flesh, why dost thou thus thy selfe abuse?  
(Which art the onely Mansion of thy Soule,)  
All gracious proffers dayly to refuse,  
By rash repulse, and rigorous controule;  
Yeeld sinfull Flesh, yeeld for thy after good,  
And liue in peace, in loue, in brother-hood.

Resist not still, for feare of future smart,  
Delays breed danger, as experience proue,  
One time the Spirit from the Flesh shall part,  
How loth wilt thou be then it should remoue:  
And such a deare companion to forsake,  
When as Death comes away thy soule to take.

For Soule and Body cannot euer hold  
Together, but must needs a parting make,  
Th' one to the Earth to be inclos'd in mold,  
Th' other to rest or vnrest doth betake,  
Vntill the last and dreadfull day of doome,  
When quick and dead shall vnto iudgement come.

Each Soule her body then shall repoffesse,  
And they that haue done well shall Heauen inherit,  
But they which still Gods sacred Lawes transgresse,  
They shall haue Hell, iust stipend for their merit.  
For God doth all mens secret sinnes behold,  
Which are in's Booke of great accompts inrold.

Then how shall I (poore wormes mear, wretched Man)  
Be able for to stand before his sight,  
Who me like Chaffe will winnow with his Fanne,  
From the pure Wheat his chosén and delight:  
Is no hope left me from despaire to keepe?  
Yes sure; for *Christ is Shepheard of his Sheepe.*

*Cornu-apes his Meditation.*

Oh, there's a Jewell for my Soules content,  
Since it is so, I neuer will distrust:  
My Sauour puts Despayre to banishment,  
Hee dy'd for mee, a sinner and vniust;  
And by his Death and Passion, I belieue,  
That vnto mercy he will me receiue.

Although my finnes, were euen as Searlet, red;  
And with vaine thoughts my heart was filled full;  
Though in corruption I was borne and bred;  
By Christ I yet am made as white as wooll:  
So dearely hee hath all the world esteem'd,  
That by his death the (faithfull) hee redeem'd.

Christ is the onely Shepherd of renowne,  
Who loue's his sheepe so truely and so deare,  
That for their sakes his life he did lay downe,  
That they by him might Crownes of Glory weare  
In that celestiall place, prepar'd for those  
Which true Repentance from their hearts disclose.

(Sweet Iesus) I haue often gone astray,  
And erred both in thought, in word, and deed:  
O, lead me now into the perfect way!  
Though great my finnes, thy mercies great exceed.  
With mercy (Lord) me straying sheepe behold,  
And bring me backe againe into thy Fold.

Grant (gracious Father) I thy Lawes may keepe,  
And that thy Statutes I may right obey:  
That when the Goates are seuer'd from the Sheepe,  
At thy right hand I may with comfort stay,  
Where I shall heare that blessed voyce *Venite*,  
So neuer feare that cursed sentence *Ite*.

*Cogni-apes his Meditation.*

In Iustice (Lord) doe not behold my sinne,  
To take thereof a strict and strait accompt :  
Nor in iust iudgement doe not once begin  
To punish mee, because my finnes surmount  
All other sinners, whatsoere they be ;  
In Mercy, not in Iustice looke on mee.

Lord keepe mee euer from presumptuous sinne,  
So guide, direct, and order all my wayes,  
That I regenerate may a new begin  
To serue thee right, and giue thee perfect prayse :  
For who can magnifie thee in the pit ?  
Or giue thee praise which doe in darknesse sit ?

O Lord, to thee I sue, I beg, intrear,  
Not for my merits, but thy mercies sake,  
To grant me mercy from thy mercy seate :  
For my desertings me accursed make ;  
Which if thou shouldst no better me regard,  
Death and Hell-fire would be my iust reward.

With Sinne and Shame I am inuiron'd round ;  
Sinne at my right hand, Shame stands at my left,  
And vice and tolly in me so abound,  
That of thy graces I am quite bereft :  
I sinne, still shame at sinne ; I leese and win :  
Thus daily walke I circular in sinne.

I leese heauens blessed and all-glorious place,  
In running head-long into sinne and errour :  
Iwinne Prince *Plutoes* Court of blacke disgrace,  
All fraught with dread, with torment and with terrour:  
This is my iust desert, my due, my meede,  
If thou (O Lord) in Iustice should'st proceede.



*Cornu apes his Meditation.*

Since then I am so wicked and so vaine,  
So vilde, so wretched in thy gracious sight:  
My impure heart, which filthy sinne doth staine,  
Make pure (O Lord,) and so reforme aright  
The inward man; that being dead to sinne,  
I may to righteoufnesse anew begin.

And so to liue; and liuing so, to dye;  
That dying so, I so may liue againe;  
And so to liue, to all eternitie  
Amongst thy glorious Saints in heauen to raigne.  
A sinners death thou (Lord) dost not desire,  
If he repent, and from his sinnes retyre.

Repentance then shall be the onely course  
To bring me into fauour with my God:  
From Folly quite I will my selfe deuorce,  
To which I haue beene wed twelue yeares and odde:  
Twelue yeares and odde, I haue beene vainely led,  
More oft then there be hayres vpon my head.

I will begin my *nunquam* sera now,  
And spend the remnant of my dayes in grace:  
I haue confirm'd it with a solemne vow,  
A life more godly euer to imbrace:  
For God hath said; from's word he will not flee,  
Who true repents, shall truly pardon'd bee.

To this, by word, he firme himselfe hath tide,  
Which stronger is then couenant, bond or bill;  
Yea, better farre then all the world beside:  
For hee all-faithfull is, and euer will:  
Then sinke Despayre into the depth of hell,  
He trust in God, with whom I hope to dwell.





## A PRAYER AGAINST T E M P T A T I O N .

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Now haue vow'd  
from vanitie to flee,  
To dedicate  
my life and loue to thee,  
O (gracious God) grant  
I my vow may keepe,

Till Death close vp mine eyes  
with his dead sleepe :

For vnlesse thou  
be an assistant to it,

I, of my selfe,  
vnable am to doe it.

My nature is  
so sinfull, weake, and fraile,

That when that Sathan doth  
my thoughts assaile,

Hee oft of me  
the Victory doth winne,

So beares me head-long  
into grievous sinne,

With Sathans boystrous  
and contagious blast

Of great temptations  
here and there I'me cast,

*A Prayer against Temptation.*

Vpon the Rockes  
of Feare, Distresse, and Woe;  
Hope and Despayre  
doe oft to warring goe :  
Sometimes I say  
that I will cease from sinne,  
And yet through weaknesse  
I againe begin.  
Sometimes, this sinne I doe,  
and then abhorre it :  
And sometimes that,  
then straight craue pardon for it.  
I sinne, and for my sinnes  
doe begge remission :  
As if to sinne still  
I would haue commission.  
Thus Sathan doth  
against my soule conspire,  
In making of mee  
to my sinnes retyre ;  
Thy gracious aide  
I therefore doe deplore,  
(Good God) that I  
may euer thee adore,  
With seruient zeale  
and with an vpriht heart,  
Laying foule vice  
and vanity apart :  
Infuse into my minde  
thy holy grace,  
Make it for thee  
a sacred mansion place.

With

*A Prayer against Temptation.*

With holy weapons arme  
my brest within,  
That I of Sathan may  
the conquest winne.  
With Faith in thee,  
with Hope and Confidence.  
Let all these weapons  
(Lord) be my defence:  
For what am I  
without thy gracious aide,  
But euen a filthy,  
loathsome sinner made?  
What strength haue I  
the Diuell to withstand,  
If thou be wanting  
with thy powerfull hand?  
For that same great  
old enemy to man,  
Goes still about  
to murther whom he can:  
Defend mee (Lord)  
from his deuouring iawes,  
And make me truely  
to obserue thy Lawes.  
And as thy selfe  
mine onely maker art;  
So frame my minde,  
and so direct my heart,  
That alway still  
may harbour in my brest  
Vnfained hate  
of that I now detest.

*FINIS.*